VOL. 41 NO. 1046 NOVEMBER. 2 1901. PRICE 10 CENTS

# Judge

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Prtg. Co. New York.

## THE GAME OF POLITICS.

### HIGH,

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who wants to see Tammany killed in his home city, New York.

### LOW,

Candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, who stands for good government.

### JACK,

Boss Croker, of Moat House, Wantage, Berks, England, who jumps into American politics for revenue only.

### AND THE GAME

Is to kill the Tammany tiger and rid ourselves of bad city government.

# Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK
AT THE JUDGE BUILDING,
CORNER FIFTH AVENUE
AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

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| One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - - | $5.00 |
| One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - | 2.50 |
| One copy, for thirteen weeks - - - - | 1.25 |

Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

WESTERN OFFICE—*Henry Bright, manager, Boyce Building, Chicago.*
EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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THERE IS one man who doesn't care which way the election goes, for, no matter which candidate is elected, he is still a sure winner, and that happy mortal is the practical hatter.

* * *

IT IS STATED on good authority that the shell of a glyptodon four feet long has been found in Texas. All we know concerning the glyptodon—which sounds like the name of a race-horse or a yacht—is that it belongs to the armadillo family, and that it invaded North America in the pliocene, which was many weary moons and dreary decades anterior to the golf period. On going to press we learn that, after all, the shell in question is not the envelope of a genuine glyptodon, but of the species known as hoplophorous. This is really sad, but not more so than is the discovery that the political candidate whom the faithful look upon as one thing not infrequently turns out to be another. There are glyptodons in politics that are genuine, and glyptodons that are of the hoplophorous kind. In short, there are glyptodons and glyptodons; and while we see the genuine article in the Republican candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, we are equally certain that we discern the masquerading imitation—the hoplophorous—in the person of the candidate who is not about to buck the tiger.

* * *

AS THE AUTOMOBILE seems to have taken the place of the horse on the road, it is quite possible that it will also supplant him in art and literature. Rosa Bonheur's famous painting may yet be repainted to suit the spirit of the times and called "The Automobile Fair," and the same fate may await Meissonier's famous charge. The centaur may eventually be succeeded by a creature that shall be half man and half automobile, and the lackadaisical person may yet be heard to sigh, "If wishes were automobiles all beggars might ride." The bald cranial apex may yet be a play-ground for the automobile fly, and Richard may shriek with a fine-salaried fervor, "An automobile! an automobile! My kingdom for an automobile!" Roughness of action is quite likely to be known as automobile play; steam-engines may yet be fortified with a certain automobile power; and when a person becomes the victim of a joke the consensus of opinion will be that it is an automobile on him. And in time veterans of the army, like Roosevelt and Funston, will be spoken of as heroes that have had so many automobiles shot under them, while Sampson, Dewey and Schley will be pointed out with patriotic pride and alluded to affectionately as old war-automobiles.

UP THE HILL and down the wold, over nature's cloth-of-gold, see the frisky rabbit fly, that he may not in the pie play the star part with a vim that's distasteful unto him. See the gay and festive quail sitting on the mossy rail, watching summer's wistful ghost, dreaming of the brindled toast whereon it may shortly be, brown and crisp and sa-vo-ree. Then you well may dance and pipe, "See the tax-bill lush and ripe."

* * *

IT HAS BEEN SAID on eminent authority that the game of cricket found its American home in Philadelphia because of the slowness that made it, so to speak, appear to be indigenous to that conservative old town. Now that the Philadelphians have beaten the visiting English cricket team, they may rejoice that they have in a sense evacuated the rut of general all-round slowness that is said to have always been characteristic of and a part of their town. They may shine like patent-leather as a swift sporting contingent when pitted against an English team, and yet we would not underrate the prowess of the visitors, as that would only tend to belittle the victory of the home experts. It is an old saying that there is no such thing as invincibility, and that, no matter to what extent an individual or a team may excel, a better one always exists. We do not know that the Philadelphia cricketers believe in this dictum so firmly as they do in the far-reaching influence of scrapple, but it is safe to assume that the English cricketers do on the strength of their late experience in the Quaker City.

* * *

AS SIR THOMAS LIPTON has decided to winter his yacht in America, we feel certain that he has not yet abandoned the idea that it is possible for him to lift the coveted cup. It may not be entirely out of place to offer Sir Thomas the suggestion that he should also winter his designer, captain and crew in the United States for the purpose of taking a post-graduate course in yachting. They could all learn much that would be an invaluable addition to their already large stock of yachting-lore. The Irish knight might, after the fashion of the rowing eights, rig up a tank in which he could practice and experiment during the frozen term. He could prepare for a wider knowledge of wind-effects by arranging draught-ways and by opening and closing certain windows, and working a system of electric fans in connection with the same. By adjusting runners to *Shamrock II.* he might add to his already skilled captain's store of knowledge in manœuvring by sailing it against the various ice-yachts that skim over the surface of the upper Hudson. Of course ice, like blood, is thicker than water, but it would certainly offer opportunities to improve on the methods by which a greater rate of speed may be attained and maintained. Perhaps he might be able to propel his yacht on its keel, which, when steel-shod for the occasion, would be like the old-fashioned rocker-skate of the 'sixties. His astute captain, crafty in all the subtler phases of seamanship, might learn to do the "outside edge," and eventually to write on the ice the name of the genuine all-round sportsman who is his patron and friend. To be sure, *Shamrock II.* is a beaten yacht, and as such has been properly debarred from the privilege of racing again for the Cup. Notwithstanding, Sir Thomas might use her in a tentative way to gain a more luminous knowledge of the peculiarities of yachts and yacht-handling, to be turned to account in the future when he puts another challenger on the water.

ABSOLUTELY PRIVATE.

The introduction of a small Japanese screen during a course of hot corn is æsthetic as well as ornamental.

## AN AUREATED LAMENT.

OH, my heart is weighed with sorrow,
Geraldine.
Yesterday 'll ne'er be to-morrow,
Geraldine.
As I watch the shadows pass
On the zephyr-braided grass,
Hear me sigh, alack, alas!
Geraldine.

Oh, I'm sizzling with a grieflet,
Geraldine,
As I note the falling leaflet,
Geraldine.
And I murmur as I stray
Down the songless woodland way,
Hillyho, awelladay,
Geraldine!

Oh, I reek with indecision,
Geraldine,
Though the squash-pie gilds my vision,
Geraldine.
If I toot a toot of glee,
All the hills sing back to me
Sadly, "Tra-la-la-la-lee!"
Geraldine. R. K. M.

THE mosquito is not color-blind, yet is all blood blue unto him.

THE QUARREL.

MRS. B. (*sobbing*)—"When we were first married you used to take me on your knee and tickle me under the chin."
MR. B.—"Yes, but gee whiz! Julia, then you had only *one* chin."

## EASY ENOUGH.

"YOU can't fool anyone with that lion's skin," sneered the fox. "Everybody knows you are an ass."

"That's where you are mistaken," replied the ass. "I fool the other asses."

## GAMBLING WITH DEATH.

"I SEE," remarked Statisticus, "that there are six thousand varieties of mushrooms, of which only three hundred are edible."

"Which means," replied Sporticus, "that every time you eat a mushroom you go up against a twenty-to-one shot."

THE TYPESETTER builded better than he knew when he accidentally and not ironically caused the name of the defeated yachtsman to appear as Lifton.

A SURE THING.

HE—"You are my alter ego!"
SHE—"Well, speak to papa and he'll alter your egotism!"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ELSIE DE WOLFE.

"The Way of the World" is a hazardous way,
Though some places it leads to are rich.
The danger's diminished when run in a play
By our stageland philosopher, Fitch.
Now, *your* way is success-ward, the distance not far,
Since you light your own path, brightest Elsie, as star.

## RFFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

EXTREME selfishness often takes the form of ingratitude.

Vanity is a greater foe to virtue than love.

It is almost impossible to make a vain man jealous.

When love is not increasing it is sure to be decreasing.

A woman will forgive desertion rather than deception.

Ideal husbands are products of the imagination of foolish women.

It is woman's intuition that makes her a valuable helpmeet to man.

It is the remembrance of courtship that makes marriage a tragedy.

It is most unfortunate that virtue is so tedious and vice so otherwise.

There are times in the life of every woman when she cannot tolerate men. V. AGNEW.

TAKEN LITERALLY.

BUNNY—"The trouble with you, Mr. Fox, you are too narrow minded."
REYNARD—"Huh! as if one were to blame for the natural formation of one's skull."

THE TRAMP'S EXCUSE.

MRS. WELLMENT—"Ain't you ashamed to be begging for a living?"
WEARY WILLIE—"Not a bit, mum, I wuz educated fer de ministry."

## THE SMALL BOY'S IDEA.

THE teacher in the Sunday school
Had found a pleasing task
In getting answers from the tots
To questions she might ask;

Till finally she had to stop
Because, despite her calls,
No one could tell why Samson took
The gates from Gaza's walls.

She waited long, then just before
She told them why, a kid
Held up his hand and said he guessed
He knew why Samson did.

"Well, tell the class," the teacher said
To little Thomas Green,
Who answered, guileless as a lamb,
"Because 'twas Halloween."

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

FALSE ECONOMY.

MR. NEWCOMB (*examining the grocery bill, one item of which was tea, ten dollars, reprovingly*)—"My dear, we can never use so much tea before it spoils."
MRS. NEWCOMB—"I know it; but you haven't seen the dear little china plate I got for buying so much. It's worth at least a dollar, and the tea we don't use we can throw away."

A TAIL OF WHOA!

1. BROWN—"Style be hanged, man! It's cruel to dock a horse. See what a magnificent tail *my* horse has! If the flies annoy him he can——

## A HALLOWEEN WOOING.

WHEN tiptoe to the garden-well
On Halloween she went,
The new moon o'er the waters dark
A bow of silver bent.
I heard her say above the brink
These words of mystery:
"New moon, true moon, tell me, pray,
Who my husband is to be."

Then lightly to her side I stole,
Across the withered grass.
Our faces in the water shone
As in a looking-glass.
She looked so sweet, in scarlet cloak
And furry hood arrayed,
I knew I couldn't breathe my vows
Unto a fairer maid.

A whispered word, a lingering kiss
On lips of dewy red—
'Twas thus I won her little hand
And soft consent to wed.
But still I think—for such, you know,
Are the ways of maidens fair—
When she went forth that Halloween
She knew that I was there.

MINNA IRVING.

## THE RHODE-ISLAND WAY.

*Rhode-Islander*—"The air is so moist down here that I can't light matches on sand-paper."

*Visitor*—"Then how do you light them?"

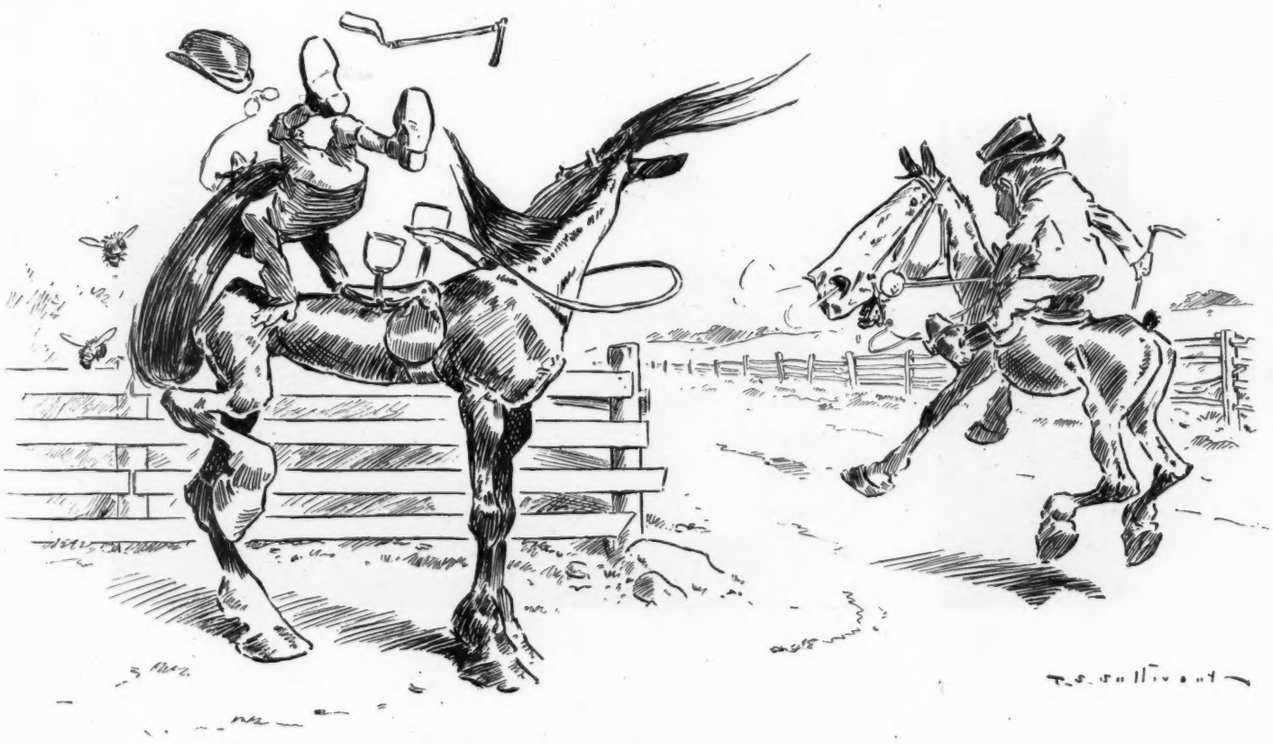
*Rhode-Islander*—"I have to keep a candle burning all day to light them in."

## GETTING DOWN TO FACTS.

*Merritt*—"First you say you love me and then you say you don't."

*Cora*—"Well, don't you know you can't believe more than one-half what a girl says?"

*Merritt*—"But in this case, my dear, which half shall I believe?"



2. ——s-s-s-swish!"

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ACCIDENTAL.

CHOLLY—"I shot a fine deer while in Maine. I'll tell you just how it happened."
ETHEL—"Oh, I can guess. You didn't know the gun was loaded."

MR. BULL—"Hey, young feller! get off this grass. How dare you walk all over my dinner?"

BETWEEN *GOOD* FRIENDS.

EDITH—"He says he loves me for myself alone. What do you think of it?"
ETHEL—"Well, it's hard telling whether he's drawing on his humor or his imagination."

## A STRANGE STORY.

THE man and the woman sat together in the fading purple of the soft October twilight. Here and there the little stars came forth to view the wonders of the night, and as they saw these two they looked again and twinkled with a roguish twink that told they knew when human hearts beat quick-step time for Love's long, lingering procession.

A low, caressing breeze came upward from the South and shook the great leaves of the drooping moon-flower vine that stretched itself lazily across the piazza where the two sat silent in the shadows. It touched the Woman's forehead and chased a tress of dark-brown hair across the smooth white skin. It fanned the Man's cheek a moment, and was gone to sing its soft susurrus through the pines. A cricket sang its vesper-hymn in crisp, keen notes close to the ground, while in the elm that flung its wide arms out to shelter them a lonely tree-frog trilled an invitation to his mate too long delaying from their tryst.

At last the Woman spoke, holding the Man's hand in hers. "Do you think only of me, darling?"

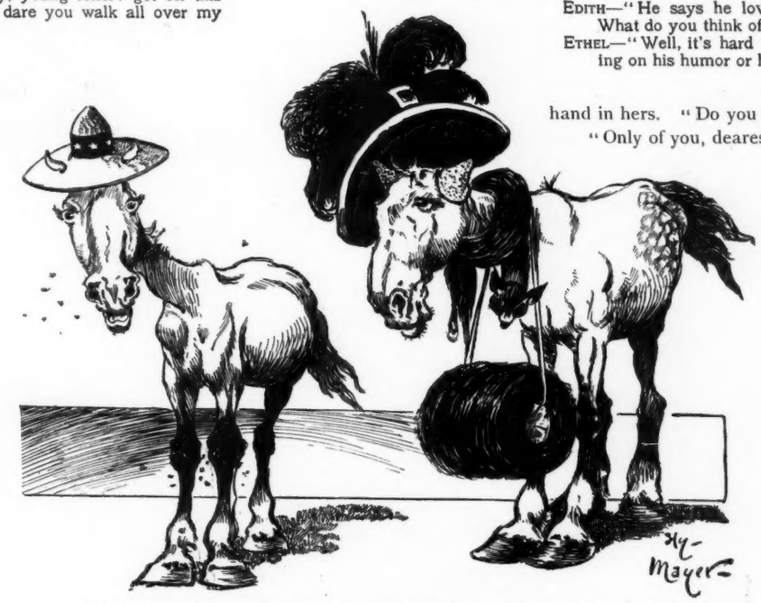
"Only of you, dearest," he replied.

"And we have been married ten years," she said, dreamily.

"Yes, dearest," he assented. "Isn't it strange?"

And when the little stars and the cricket and the frog and the whole twilight shooting-match heard that, they fairly threw up their hands in amazement and wondered what in thunder would happen next.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.



THE SUMMER HORSE AND—WHAT NEXT—THE WINTER HORSE?

NE'ER look a gift automobile in the mouth.

AN IMPLEMENT OF GENERAL UTILITY.

NEW WIFE (*lovingly*)—"George, dear, did you say your razor was sharp?"
NEW HUSBAND (*ditto*)—"Yes, darling. I just had it concaved and put in prime condition."
NEW WIFEY—"Well, it's strange; I can't open this can of tomatoes with it."

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DON'T GO HOM

JOHNNIE BULL—"Well, it ain't no fun to PLAY and AWAYS
SAMMY—"Well, say, Johnnie, is there ANY GAME you CA

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York

O HOME MAD!

AY and ALWAYS be BEATEN, and you know it, Sammy!"
GAME YOU CAN PLAY?"

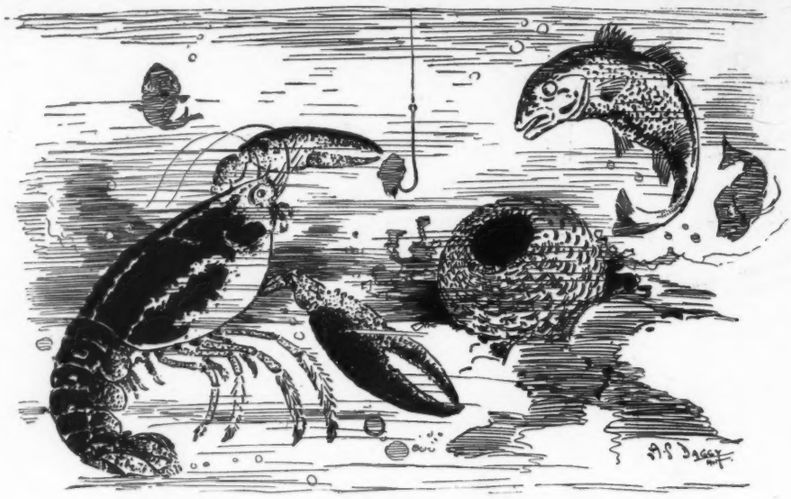
## DAYS LIKE THESE.

A IN'T no place I'd ruther be
Days like these when you kin see
Hazy color in the air,
An' a ca'mness ev'rywhere,
Than along the crick, by jo,
Where the alder's hangin' low;
Where the shadders dance an' play
Ev'ry time the branches sway.
O, the happerness an' ease
Round ol' Lizzard days like these!

Turkles sunnin' on the logs,
Frogs cavortin' in the bogs,
Mushrats swimmin' up the crick,
Perch an' dace an' shiners thick,
Fish-hawks sailin' in the sky
Watchin' where the pick'rel lie;
Honey bees amongst the flowers
Hummin' thro' the summer hours,
Birds a-singin' on the trees —
O, the joy uv days like these!

Days like these! Wa-al, I dunno
Jest how 't is they ha'nt me so;
S'pose it's cuz my heart'is set
On thet Crick an' woodlan' yet;
On ol' Lizzard shinin' there
Like a jewel rich an' rare.
Ain't no place I'd ruther be
On this planet, no sir-ee;
Ain't no time a feller sees
'At comes up to days like these!

JOE CONE.



A BOILED ONE, TOO.

THE BASS—"Look out there, you lobster, or you'll get yourself into hot water."

MATCHES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

NEW ARRIVAL—"Say, Pete, where's the match factory?"
SAINT PETER—"I don't understand you, sir!"
NEW ARRIVAL—"No offense, no offense! But I was led to believe this is where they made the matches!"

### IT WAS GREAT.

"AN' DID O'Brien have a good wake?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan.

"Did he?" replied Mulligan. "Shure, an' if he'd been aloive to injoy it he'd a thought he was havin' the toime of his life."

### ANOTHER WAY.

*Miss Vassar*—"Do you chew gum?"

*Miss Wellesley*—"Yes, I eschew it."

### A CINCH GAME.

*Mrs. Waggles*—"I met the doctor to-day and told him about your malaria. He said you were to take some whiskey every time you had the chills."

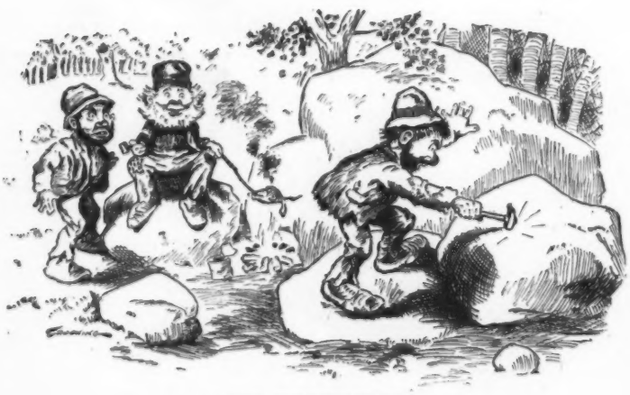
*Waggles*—"All right, my dear. I'll shake for the drinks."

### FIRST STEPS.

*First chorus girl*—"What do you suppose persuaded Sadie to marry that young brewer? He hasn't much money."

*Second chorus girl*—"Maybe not. But you know one has to begin at the bottom of the ladder."

IN THE bright lexicon of the four hundred all aristocratic flesh is blue grass.



HIS PUNISHMENT.

"W'ot's de matter wid Sloppy, is he bug-house?"
"Naw. De gang caught him choppin' wood an' sentenced him ter break up dat granite rock afore de'll speak to 'im."

A HAIR RESTORER.

### AT THE TABLE.

The years have sped since first I led
  You to the table, dear,
And you sat over there alone
  And I sat smiling here.

A year or two flew past and you
  No longer sat alone.
A little one was in your arms,
  Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so,
  And some one else was there;
And Willie sat near me, you know,
  While Trottie claimed your care.

The years have sped since first I led
  You to the table, dear,
And you looked queenly at the foot
  And I felt kingly here.

To-day, as I look down at you,
  On either side I see
A row of hungry little ones
  All gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one,
  And you are far away—
Aye, thrice as far, my dear, as on
  That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart—
  You there and I up here—
Two rows of hearts from my fond heart
  Stretch down to you, my dear.

Thank God for every extra leaf
  The table holds to-day,
And may we never know the grief
  Of putting one away.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup can be relied** on. If you suffer from coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, or other throat and lung affections, this old, reliable remedy will cure you.

"Madam," said the energetic book-agent, "I have here a valuable cook-book, which shows you a dozen ways to utilize cold roast-beef."

"Humph!" answered the hard-featured lady at the door. "It never gets a chance to get cold in this house."—*Baltimore American.*

Again Sherlock was equal to the emergency. "Don't tell me that you are married!" he hissed. "I see that you are only engaged."

"How do you know?" faltered the young man.

"Because every cigar you offered me from your vest-pocket had been broken. If you were married it would not have been the case."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A good drink is better when you add Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists and grocers.

*He*—"I saw Mr. Vannerty going to church last Sunday. She's becomiug religious, isn't she?"

*She*—"Yes, after a fashion."

*He*—"How do you mean, 'after a fashion?'"

*She*—"Just that, exactly. She's got a new fall gown."

*Church*—"That tenor singer in the opera appeared to me to be playing to the gallery."

*Gotham*—"Yes; but the basso seemed to be playing to the sub-cellar."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A young footfall player named Bunting,
Who lately for trouble was hunting,
  Ran afoul of a mule,
  Who dismayed the young fool
With a strong exhibition of punting.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

*Mr. Nextdore*—"I meant to have returned your lawn-mower this morniug, but I forgot it."

*Mr. Eezymark*—"Oh, that's all right. I won't need it till next spring, and by that time you'll need it yourself."—*Ohio State Journal.*

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced water, add teaspoonful sugar.

A woman believes that she is "liberal" in her religious views if she makes a cake for a social at the other church.—*Atchison (Kansas) Globe.*

What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat? A centipede with chilblains.—*Boston Christian Register.*

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*Guide* (referring to Egyptian Pyramids)—"It took hundreds of years to build them."

*O'Brien* (the wealthy contractor)—"Thin it wor a gover'mint job—eh?"—*Tit-Bits.*

**"A Barrel of Monkeys"**

could not afford more fun than our new puzzle,

**"The Changing Faces."**

It will amuse you and entertain your friends, and keep you puzzling for hours.

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"Does the course of their true love run smooth?"

"Oh, yes; there are banks on both sides."—*Moonshine.*

"Is your daughter learning to play by note?"

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Cumrox, a little indignantly; "we pay cash for every lesson. The idea!"—*Washington Star.*

*NEW YORK THEATRES.*

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MRS FISKE
*and her Company in*
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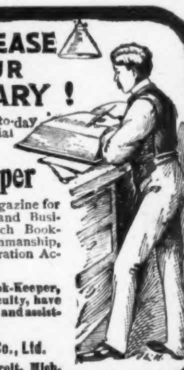

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## HAVANA TOBACCO

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Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
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IF LONGFELLOW HAD LIVED IN BUGLAND.

Under a spreading berry-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty bug is he
With six large sinewy hands,
And the noise he makes the livelong day
Would scare nine German bands.


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*Her Father*—"Well, what can I do for you?"

*Her Lover*—"I—er—called to see if you—er—would give assent to my marriage to your daughter."

*Her Father*—"Not a cent, Sir; not a cent. Good day!—*Philadelphia Press.*


# EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

At Your Grocer's

**DON'T COOK**

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

**FOR BABY, TOO**

NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

THREE MONTHS' OLD CHILD — Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

15c Large Package

# Sarah Bernhardt,

the great French actress and woman, says:
"I find the Urbana Wine Co.'s

## GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE

excellent, in fact equal to many French Champagnes. It surprises me that such a fine wine can be produced in America.

"SARAH BERNHARDT."

GOLD SEAL is served in every first-class cafe and club, and sold everywhere at half the price of French wine.

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**LIFE INSURANCE.**

In a sermon delivered a few years ago by one of our most celebrated ministers he said:

"How a young man with no surplus of estate, but still with money enough to pay the premium on a life-insurance policy, can refuse to do it and then look his children in the face, is a mystery to me."

This feeling has grown until now it is almost universal, and it is no longer a question of "whether to insure," but "where to insure."

This is not easy to decide, for there are many good companies offering good contracts of life insurance. There are plenty of good points in all good life insurance; but, after all, the foundation is security, and, all other things being equal, the company that has tens of millions of surplus over and above all liabilities is safer to trust with the contingencies of a remote and unknown future than that company which has honestly provided dollar for dollar.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has over $300,000,000 of assets, of which over $66,000,000 is clear surplus, which is larger by many millions than the surplus of any other company. On this account it claims to be, and is, the strongest life company in the world.

The Equitable, in answer to a petition from many citizens, promised to make a special rate for all total abstainers who desire to be in such a class. If experience proves that the mortality in this class is lower than the ordinary class, its members will receive dividends accordingly. The result of this experiment will be watched with interest by those who believe that total abstainers are longer-lived than those who use liquor. All such can receive full information from the Society on application.



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MONDAY, OCT. 21st.

Black Cheviot Tailor Suits,
Satin lined Coats,
**$26.00**

Reversible Golf Cloth Walking Suits,
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Gowns and Costumes,
Designed for all occasions.

Tailor-made Suits,
Plain or trimmed effects.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.


*Church*—"I see the copper stock is going up."

*Gotham*—"Yes; but it doesn't mean Devery's."—*Yonkers Statesman.*


Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, is a compliment to the stomach. You can get nothing better.


"Is there any cure for jealousy?"
"Yes."
"What?"
"The faith cure."—*Chicago Post.*

"Sue declares that she is single from choice," said Miss Kittish.

"But did she say whose choice?" asked Miss Frocks.—*Detroit Free Press.*


The Sohmer Piano is an instrument that is an ornament to any parlor.


*Bennie Cohn*—"I've shtruck it rich, Mr. Froimshon—I'm goin' der make a t'ousand."

*Froimshon*—"Vat is der gratt, Bennie?"

*Bennie Cohn*—"Jewish science."


ANY woman who is enterprising enough to spend ten minutes in learning to understand the

## SNAP HOOK AND EYE

will secure a lifetime of comfort. First see that it is properly sewed on, and then experiment till you find just the touch and the twist that are easiest for you. It cannot break, bend or rust. All leading stores keep them.

**SNAP HOOK & EYE CO. OF AMERICA.**
**General Offices, 25 Broad St., New York City.**

WANTED: A DONKEY.

YOUNG LADY—"Oh, Mr. Green, I don't know what to do with Effie! She is so miserable because she hasn't had her donkey ride. Would you mind giving her a pick-a-back?"


The Midway Esquimaux, South Sea Islanders, and tribes from all over the globe brought with them their packs of

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showing that the superior qualities of "Bicycles" are recognized all over the world.

"Card Games and How to Play Them," a 120-page condensed Hoyle mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes or five 2c. stamps.

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*Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.* TRADE MARK.

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*Whist is easily learned from our Booklet, "Simple Whist."—FREE.*


"I have found out one thing about my husband," said the bride who had been married before, "that surprises me greatly."

Her friend moved up a little nearer, so that they could whisper, and asked: "What is it?"

"His salary is just as big as he told me it was."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*


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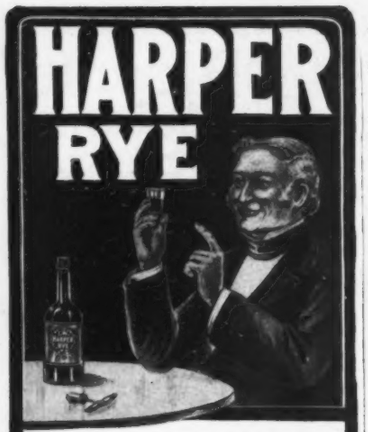


A THREE TIMES WINNER

GOLD MEDALS

At New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900.

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BERNHEIM BROTHERS, Louisville, Ky.


"So you want a general redistribution of wealth!"

"I do," answered the man with schemes for reorganizing society.

"On what plan?"

"On a plan that would enable me to get rid of a lot of things I don't want and to get possession of a number that I have taken a fancy to."—*Washington Star.*

"Have you had any stage experience?" asked the theatrical manager.

"Well," said the fair applicant, blushing modestly, "I do not like to speak of my triumphs, but I was the leading lady in a Sunday school cantata once, and my friends said I acted beautifully."—*Boston Post.*

Corn hangin' heavy,
An' fields white with cotton;
One day of sunshine
An' storms are forgotten.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

You can prune a gooseberry bush, a small boy's hair, or a mill-hand's salary, and thereby make each of them less. But it remained for George H. Daniels of the New York Central to prune a railroad and make it greater. No one, not even the man who is a chronic boarding-house dweller, knows what a real prune is, in all its ramifications and subtler shades of meaning, until he has eaten one of the California variety while traveling at the rate of a mile a minute on any New York Central chain-lightning express. To put a prune into your mouth at Forty-second Street and have it chewed at Poughkeepsie and swallowed at Albany is certainly a unique experience, as well as one that should convince the average epicure of limited capital that it is a great saucerful of prunes that will stretch out over the period of time required to go from New York to Buffalo. And the reason that these prunes cover so much territory is not because of the slowness of the prunes, but of the swiftness of the train. It isn't the prune that makes the train go, nor is it the train that makes the prune go. It is Mr. Daniels that makes both of them go, and he drives them tandem and gets there in record-breaking time without counting stops to coal up and vaseline the what-do-you-call-it—sophomore or semaphore locomotive?


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## THE CHINESE WAY.

ERE the Chinese train, with big
Bell and whistle, scoots,
All the stations thus the pig-
Tailed announcer toots:

Amoy, Canton, Chengwankow,
Chinkiang, Wassung;
Pakhoi Fukien, Foochow,
Wei-hai-wei, Shantung!

Swatow, Nagasaki, Chang,
Nankipoo, Hankow;
Tientsin, Kiangsu, Newchwang,
Peekaboo, Bow-wow!

Yea, these trains all fly like spaniels
O'er the blooming lea
Since they learned the trick from Daniels
Of the N. Y. C.

## THE LIVINGSTON CAMPAIGN.

*By Robert Hobart Davis.*

"IT DON'T make no difference to me how much of a sack Livingston throws into the campaign. I'm a candydate for sheriff of Douglass County, Nevada, and I've got the coin to make good. You can gamble that James Summerfield Banning is out to win against the bunch." Mr. Banning smashed his good right hand down on John Sweeny's bar, stroked his red beard with a nervous sweep, and spat through a distant window.

"Sure, Banning, you're a candidate all right," put in Jack Furlong confidingly, "and a hot one, too. You're a perfect bird, Jim. Not a man in Douglass County but what wants to see you drag down the persimmon. But still, Jim"—— Furlong scratched his chin thoughtfully.

"Still what?" inquired Banning with solicitude.

"Well, Livingston is no slouch," resumed Furlong. "And what's more, Banning, he will set a hot pace in the matter of blowing in large wads of dough over the various gin-bazaars hereabouts. And I reckon a campaign conducted on that basis will win out."

"Is it liquor the voters want? Has a candydate got to lead the cityzens up to the polls with a strong rye-tide on to get 'em to stand for the regular nominee?"

"Well, Jim, it is a dead cinch that *some* liquor must be let loose," responded Furlong, whose political wisdom was generally conceded throughout Douglass and adjoining counties.

Mr. Banning blinked thoughtfully a moment and tugged at his beard. Presently the white light of decision broke over his face, and without further delay James Summerfield Banning added this plank to his platform:

"All right, gentlemen." He swept his hand broadcast over his audience. "If it's a campaign beginning, halting and ending in the various gin-mills, I accept the *fi-at*, and we'll begin now. Everybody step up and have a drink on Banning, candydate for sheriff of Douglass County, State of Nevada!"

At this opportune juncture in the proceedings Mr. Al Livingston, with an army of henchmen at his heels, sauntered into John Sweeny's resort and smote the bottle on Banning's account.

"Yes, fellow-citizens!" exclaimed the other candidate, waving his glass in the air, "I'm playing politics according to rock-and-rye, and"—— His eye fell upon his opponent, leaning against the bar, surveying him compassionately. "And I propose to buy two drinks to Livingston's one from now on until the votes are all in and counted. I stand to put all the cash I've made in the logging and fluming business since ten year back. I give it out cold. Two for one—two for one!"

The news of Banning's reckless policy went up and down the main street on swift wings, and the next day fifteen barrooms, hastily provided with pine-board counters and a supply of lacerating barbed-wire rum, threw open their doors.

Mr. James Banning, concluding that the movement was a sign of approval of his candidacy, girded on his sack and went forth on his two-for-one crusade and in search of Livingston's political scalp. A week before election-day Mr. Banning had succeeded in affixing himself to the Livingston detachment, and whenever his opponent ordered up the drinks Banning doubled the demand and supply without delay. He even went so far as to stand at Livingston's elbow and scoff at his lack of liberality. But Livingston stuck to his singular policy, while Banning plied the plural.

The night before election the feud shifted from whiskey to wine ammunition, and the battle waxed hotter and hotter. Livingston hoofed it up one side of the street and down the other, lingering unduly perhaps in the mushroom saloons, while Banning trailed along, stepping on his very heels.

If Livingston threw ten dollars on a bar, Banning's golden twenty clanked after it without hesitation. Five bottles of wine out of Livingston's sack was the signal for ten from the eminent Mr. Banning's. The mushroom bars each had a young national surplus.

On the following day, by virtue of the incomprehensible law of perversity (which seems to control politics), Mr. A. Livingston was elected by a majority of three hundred and forty-seven votes.

That night, after the population had slaked its thirst and ushered in the new regime, Sheriff-elect Livingston made a tour of the fifteen saloons, in which he was a silent partner and sole proprietor, cashing in over eighteen hundred dollars net, most of which came from the pocket of his magnanimous opponent, James Summerfield Banning, who also ran.

Thus terminated the two-for-one shot.

## EXPENSIVE.

"LORD ROBERTS," said the man who delights to talk about figures, "had to pay three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars in fees for his patent of nobility."

"Well, patents come high," added the man with the neck-whiskers. "I once patented an eradicator of croton bugs. Cost me forty-two dollars and seventy-eight cents. Hain't got nothin' out of it yet. I don't believe Robert What's-his-name 'll ever get his money back."

# VARTRAY
## Ginger Ale

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At the PARIS EXPOSITION of 1900 in Competition against the World, the highest and only award.

**Better than Imported:**

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Made by
THE VARTRAY WATER CO.,
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Here is a happy darky jingle from Georgia:

"Plenty in de pantry,
Plenty on de shelf;
I growed de 'taters
En 'possum growed hisse'f!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*


**"Builds a new head." Virgin** oil imported from **Yucatan,** restores **gray** hair to its **original** color; or your **money back — no dye** — amber color vegetable oil — **kills dandruff.** If interested, address for valuable information, The Yucatan Oil Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

**"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."**
—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

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Good Coffees 12c. and 15c.
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**"My wife had pimples on her face,** but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN,
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**Cascarets**
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.


"They say that apple butter is adulterated a great deal now," said Mrs. Cumso.

"Yes, much of it is only apple butterine," added Mrs. Cawker.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What would you do if you had a billion dollars?"

"Oh," answered the languid man, "I don't see why I should expect to prove any exception to the rule. I would probably go to one of the usual extremes, and either buy yachts or else walk to save car fare."—*Washington Star.*

"O, my!" she exclaimed impatiently, "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

*Church*—"Did you buy one of those extras?"
*Gotham*—"Yes."
*Church*—"Anything in it?"
*Gotham*—"No; nothing extra."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

*Maggye*—"And so Edythe is suing for a divorce? I thought love was blind, and all that."
*Fannye*—"But she married an oculist, you know."—*Baltimore American.*


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SUNDAY LAW.

HOBO DRONE BEE—"Lady, could you kindly give me a drink of honey?"
LADY BEE—"It's Sunday today and all the flowers are closed up."

*Mrs. Black*—"Nora, you break so many things that hereafter I'm going to take them out of your salary."
*Nora*—Thanks, mum. That means that you're going to raise me to $50 a week.—*Chicago News.*


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**Cortez CIGARS**
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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AFTER THE SURGICAL OPERATION.

BARBER—"What will you have on your face, witch hazel or bay rum?"
PAT-RON—"Naither wan nor the other. Jist put on plain court plashter!"

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JUST THE TIME FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

MOSE FOREACE (ardently)—"Tell me, Miss Angie, may I contribute to yo'r future happiness?"
MISS ANGIE—"Well, Mr. Foreace, as I accepted Abe Gingerbred last ebenin', dere *is* weddin' presents to be thought ob, to be shuah!"